

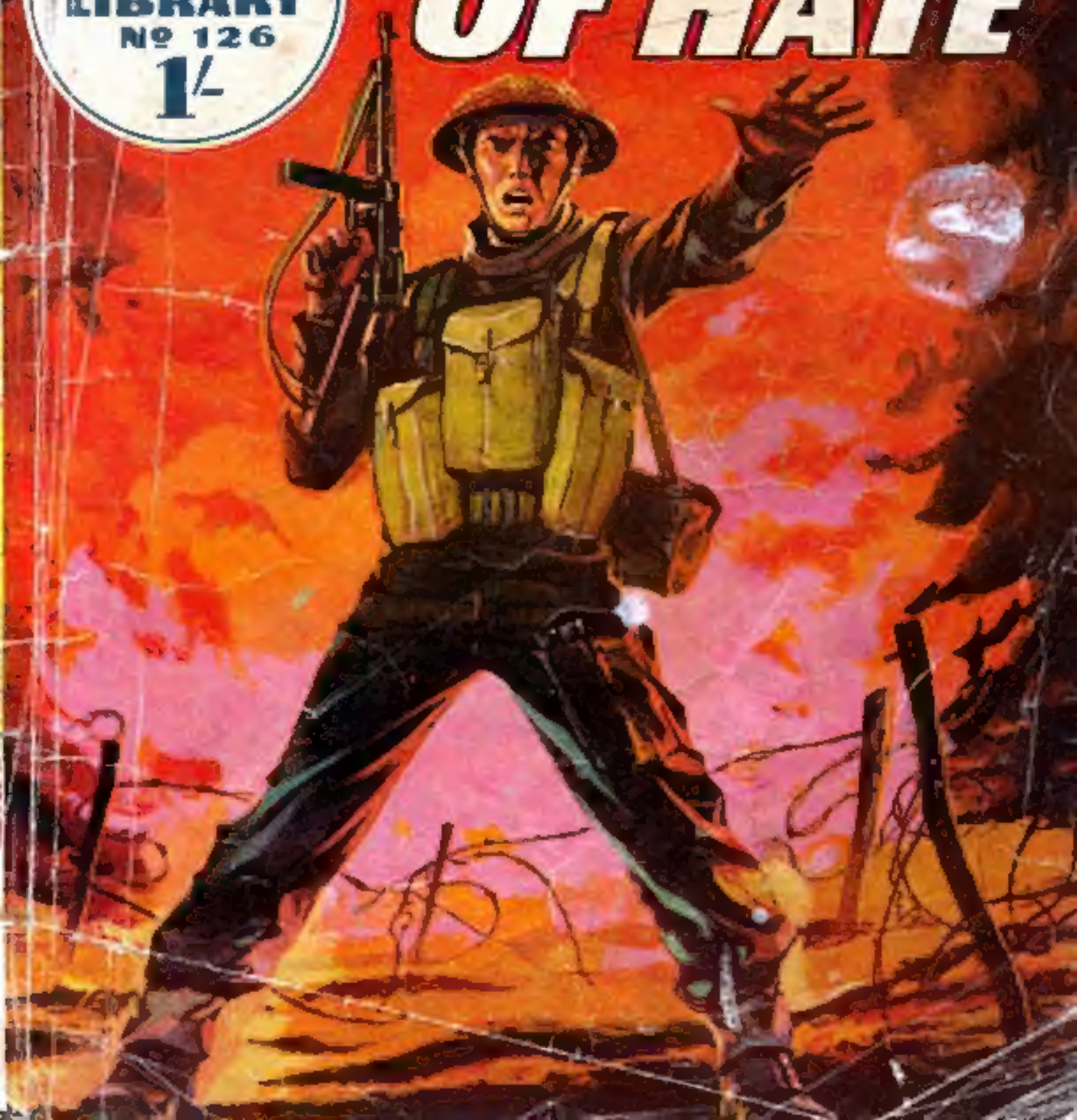
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THE FIRES OF HATE



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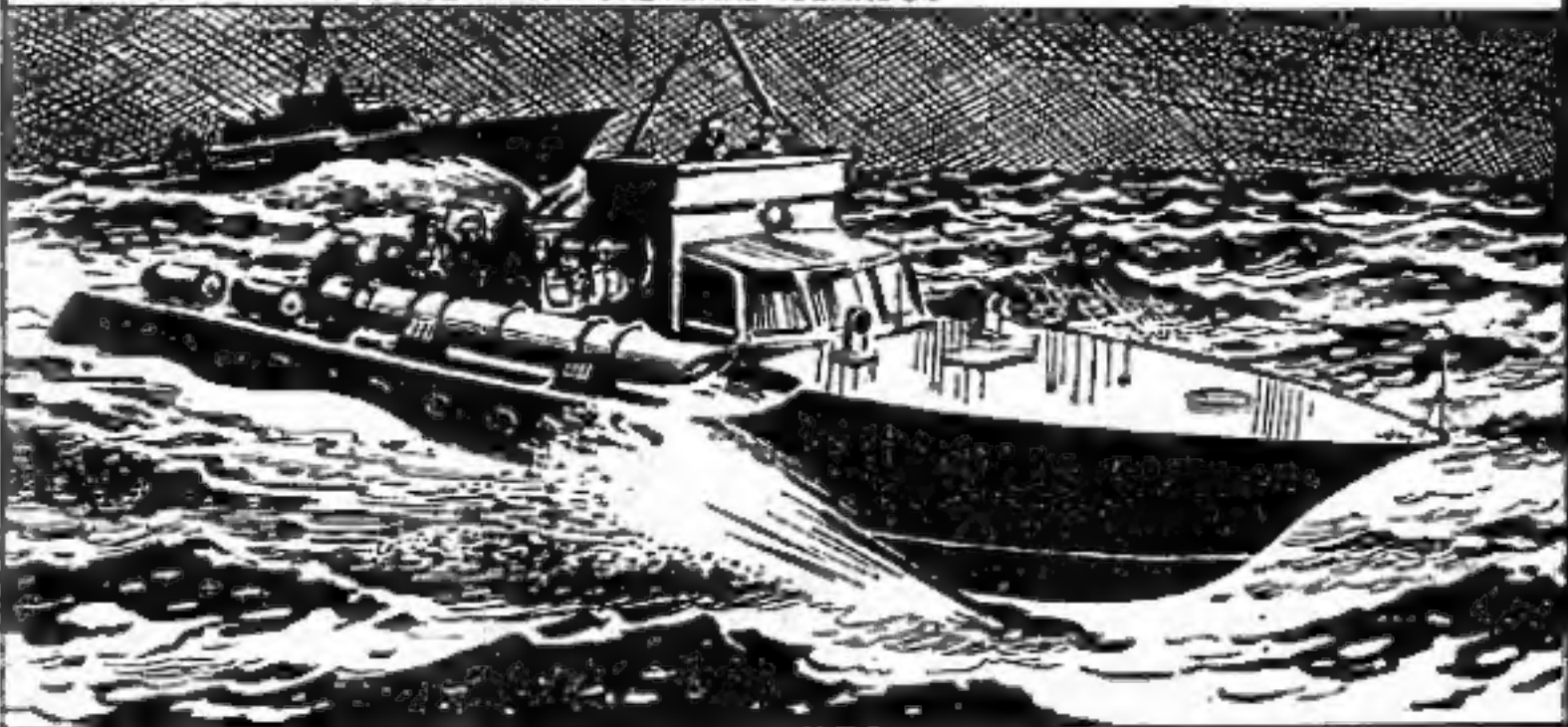
The FIRES of HATE



WHEN THEY FLUNG THE ALLIES OUT OF NORWAY IN 1940, THE NAZI INVADING HORDE GRABBED A STRATEGIC THOUSAND-MILE COASTLINE. IT WAS A COASTLINE THAT WAS VERY CLOSE TO THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIED ARCTIC CONVOYS BOUND FOR BELEAGUERED RUSSIA. NORWEGIAN-BASED GERMAN BOMBERS HAMMERED THE CONVOYS MERCILESSLY.

Chapter 1. The HOME-COMING

THE VITAL SUPPLY LINE TO RUSSIA WAS IMPERILLED AND COMMANDO UNITS WERE SENT TO NORWAY TO STRENGTHEN LOCAL RESISTANCE GROUPS IN THEIR UNEQUAL FIGHT. ONE SUCH BATTLE-HARDENED UNIT, LED BY MAJOR ALLEN, CROSSED THE COLD GREY WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA FROM A BASE IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.



A BITTER NORTH-EASTER LASHED THE BRIDGE OF THE LEADING MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT, GIVING THE MAJOR A CHILL FORETASTE OF ARCTIC WEATHER AWAITING HIS UNIT.

LOOKS
LIKE SNOW,
MAJOR.

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN
SNOW TO WORRY MY MEN,
COMMANDER. COMMANDOS
ARE TRAINED TO
BE TOUGH!



The Fires Of Hate

ONE OF THOSE COMMANDOS WAS GOING HOME. SERGEANT LIEF LARSON, RUGGED VETERAN OF THE DIEPPE RAID, HAD SPENT THREE LONG YEARS OF VIOLENT ACTION SINCE HE HAD FLED THE NAZI YOKE AT HARVIK.

WHAT'S IT
FEEL LIKE TO BE
GOING HOME, SARGE?
NO ANSWER WAS THE
STERN REPLY! COR,
YOU'RE THE STRONG
SILENT TYPE AND NO
MISTAKE. MIGHT AS
WELL TALK TO
MYSELF!

THE BLOOD OF MORSE RAIDERS COURSED THROUGH LARSON'S VEINS, BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF A TIME LESS DISTANT. WHEN HE DID SPEAK, HIS WORDS WERE BITTER. . .

IT WAS MY
HOME ONCE, CORPORAL
DODD, UNTIL THE NAZI
MURDERERS CAME. I HAD A
YOUNGER BROTHER THEN
. . . NILS WAS HIS NAME. . .
THEY SHOT HIM LIKE
A DOG!

The Fires Of Hate

CORPORAL DODD HAD FOUGHT ALONGSIDE LARSON ON A SCORE OF COMMANDO RAIDS... AND NEVER BEFORE HAD THE TACITURN NORWEGIAN ALLOWED HIS SELF-IMPOSED MASK TO SLIP.

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE NOSEY... HOW WAS I TO KNOW? BUT YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO HIT BACK AT THE NAZIS NOW!

THERE'S ONE PARTICULAR NAZI I HAVE IN MIND... IF I SHOULD MEET HIM AGAIN...

A BRIGHT DAWN SUN WAS RISING BEHIND THE SNOW-CAPPED CRAGS OF NORWAY AS FOUR HURRICANES ROARED IN TO THEIR RENDEZVOUS...

OUR AIR COVER'S ON TIME. THAT'S HELVEFIORD AHEAD. HELL'S FIORD, YOU WOULD CALL IT.

HELL'S FIORD, IS IT? LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT RIGHTLY NAMED... FOR US!

HELVEFIORD LAY WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. THE SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF THE COMMANDO RAID SO FAR NORTH TOOK THE GERMAN GARRISON COMPLETELY UNAWARES. . .



THE COMMANDOS STORMED ASHORE WITH SERGEANT LARSON WELL TO THE FORE. THEIR AUTOMATIC FIRE RAKED THE JETTY BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT SLOW TO HIT BACK FROM CONCRETE STRONGPOINTS.



SEVERAL COMMANDOS HAD ALREADY BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE CONCEALED MACHINE-GUN AS LARSON HURLED HIMSELF ACROSS THE BULLET-SWEPT JETTY.

GIVE ME COVERING FIRE...



THE GERMAN GUNNER FAILED TO RANGE SWIFTLY OR ACCURATELY ENOUGH ON THE WEAVING NORWEGIAN. HIS GRENADE SHOT THROUGH THE FIRING SLIT OF THE PILL-BOX... AND, SECONDS LATER, A MUFFLED EXPLOSION SILENCED THE GERMAN GUN.

GOOD WORK, SERGEANT!



The Fires Of Hate

1

THE GERMANS IN THE PORT AREA HAD RALLIED QUICKLY. WITH NAKED BAYONETS, THEY COUNTER-ATTACKED IN AN EFFORT TO DRIVE THE SMALL COMMANDO FORCE BACK INTO THE SEA. THAT WAS THE MOMENT FOR NORWEGIAN PARTISANS TO STRIKE AT THE ENEMY REAR. . .



TRAPPED BETWEEN CONVERGING FORCES, THE GERMANS RAPIDLY LOST ALL ENTHUSIASM FOR FIGHTING. RIFLES CLATTERED ON THE JETTY AND THE AIR FILLED WITH CRIES OF SURRENDER. SLOWLY, THE NOISE OF BATTLE DIED AWAY.



THE JETTY SECURED, ALLEN HAD URGENT BUSINESS WITH THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE LEADER, THOUGH THE RAMROD MAJOR HELD NO HIGH OPINION OF GUERRILLAS. HIS PREJUDICE PUT A SHARP EDGE TO HIS TONGUE. . . .

OLAV JORGENSEN AT YOUR SERVICE, MAJOR. IT'S GOOD TO SEE JERRY RUN!

WE'RE PULLING OUT FAST, JORGENSEN! STRIKE AND VANISH . . . THAT'S THE COMMANDO METHOD. . .



WHILE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS TRANSFERRED THE M.T.B.'S VITAL CARGO OF AMMUNITION, PETROL, AND FOOD TO THE LORRY, MAJOR ALLEN SPOKE HIS MIND.

THERE'S ONE THING I WON'T STAND FOR, JORGENSEN . . . PRIVATE VENDETTAS! THIS IS WAR AND I'LL SACRIFICE ANY MAN WHO RISKS MY MISSION FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL REVENGE!

VERY WELL, MAJOR . . . IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY.



AS THE TWO M.T.B.'S, LOADED DOWN WITH GERMAN PRISONERS, TURNED BACK ACROSS THE GREY ATLANTIC, MAJOR ALLEN'S COMMANDOS TRAVELLED A LONG WINDING ROAD INTO SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS.



The Fires Of Hate

9

EN ROUTE FOR THE RESISTANCE HIDEAWAY, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON FOUND HIMSELF UNDER CRITICAL SCRUTINY BY THE PARTISAN LEADER.



NORWEGIAN, AREN'T YOU?
WELL, YOU WON'T ENJOY THE
FIGHTING HERE! FOR EVERY GERMAN WE
KILL, EVERY TRUCK WE SABOTAGE...
THE NAZIS TAKE REPRISALS... IN THE
LIVES OF OUR PEOPLE IT'S A TOUGH THING
TO LIVE WITH, KNOWING ONE IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEATHS OF THE INNOCENT!

AS LARSON LISTENED DRY-MOUTHED TO THE HARD WORDS OF OLAV JORGENSEN, HE HEARD A NAME THAT COMPLETELY SHATTERED HIS COMPOSURE AND FLUNG HIS THOUGHTS INTO TURMOIL.

YOUR BRITISH MAJOR IS A
COLD ONE. NO VENDETTAS!
HE HASN'T SEEN THE BEASTS
AT WORK IN HIS OWN HOME.
THERE IS ONE NAZI ABOVE
ALL OTHERS ANSWERABLE
FOR ALL THE PURGES IN
NORWAY... A MAN
CALLED STAHL?



STAHL!
IS IT
POSSIBLE?

Chapter 2. SNIPER TARGET

IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN CAVE, THE WEARY COMMANDOS RESTED FOR A WHILE. BUT LARSON COULD NOT RELAX NOW THAT HE WAS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. . . IT HELD ONLY BITTER MEMORIES FOR HIM.

THIS IS MY LAND . . .
AND I MUST SNEAK INTO IT
AS IF I WERE A THIEF. THE
FILTHY NAZIS SHALL
PAY . . .

ALL RIGHT
COME AND GET IT!
THIS AIN'T THE SAVOX,
BUT THE GRUB IS
BETTER!



LATER, MAJOR ALLEN BRIEFED HIS MEN ON THE PURPOSE OF THEIR MISSION. LARSON FORCED HIMSELF TO CONCENTRATE HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS, WITH A JOB TO DO.



IN FOUR DAYS' TIME THE LARGEST CONVOY EVER TO SAIL FOR RUSSIA WILL PASS BETWEEN THE NORTHERN TIP OF NORWAY AND THE ARCTIC ICE BOUND FOR MURMANSK AND ARK HANGEL. JERRY PLANES WILL GIVE THOSE SHIPS HELL . . . UNLESS WE STOP THEM!

JUNKERS EIGHTY-EIGHTS ARE BASED ON THE MILITARY AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOSSE . . . AND THAT IS OUR OBJECTIVE! WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN ADVANCE OF THE CONVOY, REDUCING THE RUNWAYS TO RUBBLE! NO GERMAN BOMBER MUST TAKE OFF FROM BARDUFOSSE!



OLAV JORGENSEN LISTENED AND FELT HIS HEART GROW COLD. HE KNEW BARDUFLOSS, KNEW ITS DEFENCES INTIMATELY...

BARDUFLOSS! MAJOR... THAT PLACE IS THICK WITH GERMANS. WE ARE OUTNUMBERED MANY TIMES YOU ARE ASKING US TO THROW AWAY OUR LIVES!

SURPRISE IS OUR MAIN WEAPON, JORGENSEN! WITH SURPRISE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE! OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT THAT CONVOY GOES THROUGH.



AS JORGENSEN PROTESTED AGAIN, THE MAJOR POURED SCORN ON THE PART SAN LEADER. HIS ICY WORDS LASHED LIKE A WHIP.

I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLAN, MAJOR. IT SMELLS OF DEATH!

COLD FEET, JORGENSEN? WELL, YOU NEED ONLY SUPPLY A GUIDE... MY COMMANDOS WILL DO THE FIGHTING!



THE NORWEGIAN'S BEARDED FACE FLUSHED. HIS EYES SPARKED AND HIS VOICE WAS BARELY UNDER CONTROL

WE WILL FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH, MAJOR, HAVE NO DOUBT ON THAT SCORE! WE SHALL FIGHT... AS WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING EVER SINCE THE GERMANS CAME TO OUR LAND.

AS MAJOR ALLEN SWUNG ON HIS HEEL AND STALKED OFF, LARSON GRABBED JORGENSEN'S ARM. THE SERGEANT HAD A QUESTION HE WANTED ANSWERED.

STAHL! IS THAT THE SAME S.S. MAN WHO PURGED TRONDHEIM IN NINETEEN-FORTY?

THAT IS THE SWINE! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, EN, SERGEANT?



BUT THE MAJOR'S EARS WERE KEEN AND HE DID NOT LIKE WHAT HE HEARD. HE TURNED BACK, SAVAGELY DETERMINED TO STAMP OUT ANY PRIVATE REVENGE PARTY BEFORE IT STARTED.

HEARD OF HIM!
I KNOW WHAT
HE . . .

SERGEANT!
EXACTLY WHAT IS
THIS MAN STAHL
TO YOU?



SERGEANT LARSON SPUN ROUND, TAWNY FLECKS OF LIGHT FLICKERING IN HIS EYES...

YOU REALLY WANT TO
KNOW, MAJOR? I'LL TELL
YOU... HAUPTMANN STAHL
MURDERED MY YOUNG
BROTHER, NILS, AND IF I
GET A CHANCE AT
HIM I'LL TAKE IT!

I CAN
FIND STAHL
FOR YOU...



MAJOR ALLEN'S HAND DROPPED TO THE HOLSTER OF HIS PISTOL . . .

KEEP OUT OF THIS, JORGENSEN!
SERGEANT LARSON, I'M GIVING YOU
A DIRECT ORDER... **FORGET
STAHL!** THE JOB WE'VE BEEN
SENT HERE TO DO IS MORE
IMPORTANT... MUCH
MORE IMPORTANT!



The Fires Of Hate

WE'RE AT WAR TO FIGHT NAZIS, MAJOR. HAUPTMANN STAHL REPRESENTS THE BESTIALITY WE'RE TRYING TO STAMP OUT. KILL ALL THE STAGS OF THIS WORLD AND WE'VE WON!

NO, YOU'RE WRONG, SERGEANT, TERRIBLY WRONG! IF MEN LIKE YOU WASTE THEIR TIME KILLING INDIVIDUAL GERMANS OUT OF REVENGE, THEN THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE WILL GO OVER US LIKE A STEAM-ROLLER. THIS IS TOTAL WAR... NOT A FAMILY VENDETTA! YOUR WAY, WE'D LOSE FOR SURE!



BUT LEFT BEHIND BY THE MAJOR, JORGENSEN, WAS CONVINCED. WHEN THE MAJOR LEFT THEM, THEIR VOICES DROPPED TO THE WHISPER OF CONSPIRATORS.

YOUR MAJOR HAS DONE ALL HIS FIGHTING AWAY FROM HOME, OR HE WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT!

AS I SAID, I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE WHEN IT COMES...



CORPSEAL DOESN'T FEEL UNEASILY HE LIKES THE TOUGH NORWEGIAN SERGEANT THIS WAS DANGEROUS TALK

I'LL HELP WHEN THE TIME COMES

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE. LINGER THE MARCH RIGHT FOR AROUND!

THAT NIGHT SLEEPS AND MAY COME EASILY TO SERGEANT LARSON WHEN IT DOES A NIGHTMARE IN HIS DREAMS WHEN HE'S SWAYING TO A TANK IN THE WIND

IT'S THAT THE MARCH IS TRYING TO EAT A CAR STOP ME TRYING TO GET STAY IF I EVER GET MYSELF BACK OF THAT!

The Fires Of Hate

THE GRIM MOUNTAINS, OUTLINED AGAINST A WATERY SUN WERE OBLITERATED BY FALLING SNOW AS THE MAJOR GAVE HIS MEN THEIR MARCHING ORDERS



WITH JOSEPH'S PATHFINDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AT THE HEAD MAJOR ALLEN'S MAILED PARTY OF COMMANDOS AND PARTISANS BEGAN THEIR ARDUOUS TREK TO BARDOFOSS AIRFIELD.



FOR CORPORAL DODD MORE USED TO THE HEAT OF COMBAT, THE BITTER COLD OF THE NORTH WAS A SORE TRIAL.

THIS AIN'T MY IDEA
OF A LIVING SLEEPER.
WHAT AN ICEBERG OF
A PLACE... AND YOU
CALL IT HOME!

YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT...
YOU MIGHT EVEN
GET TO LIKE IT!

SUDDENLY THE RES STANCE LEADER RAISED
HIS ARM AND THE COMMANDERS STOPPED,
TENSED FOR ACTION THOUGH ON THE SWIFTS
SHOW THE MAJOR GRASPED THE SNAKE
ANGULAR OUTLINE OF A GERMAN ARMoured
CAR

WANG IT! THIS
COULD BE DREADED
... I WANTED TO
BOND AN ACTION...



The Fires Of Hate

THEY WALKED ON AND SAW A MAN IN THE CROWD. THERE WAS A LIGHT FLASH AND A BANG. THE MAN WAS DEAD.



BULLETS CLAWING AT HIM, SERGEANT LARSON RACED FORWARD. HE SPRANG ON TO THE GERMAN CAR AND PUSHED THE BARREL OF HIS TOMMY-GUN DOWN . . . INSIDE.

A TASTE OF
YOUR OWN
MEDICINE, NAZI!



HOT BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS HEAD, REVENGE GNAWING AT HIS HEART, LARSON NEVER HEARD THE GERMAN SCREAM FOR MERCY.

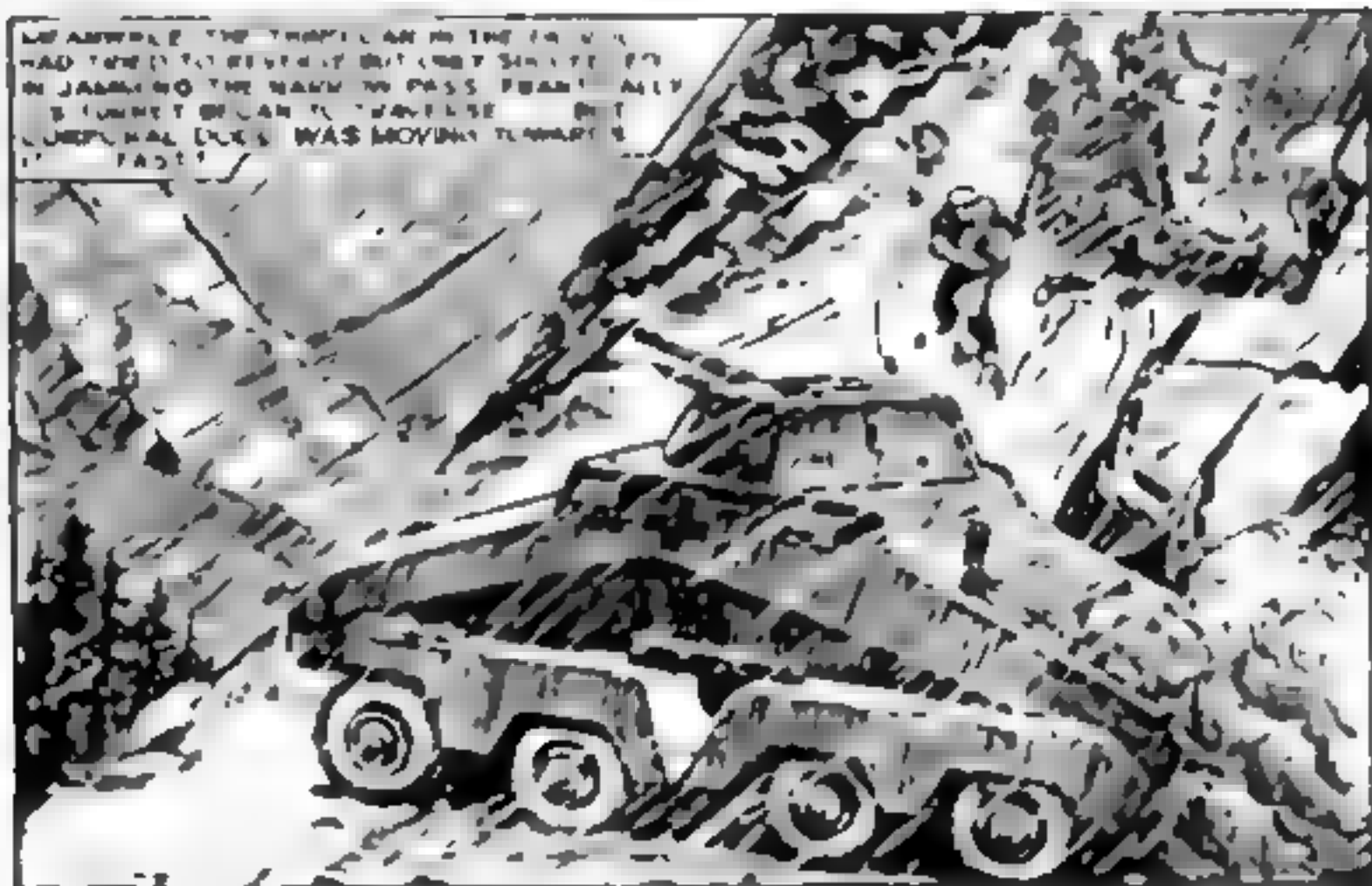
NEIN,
NEIN!
HAVE MERCY...



HIS FINGER THROTTLED ON THE TRIGGER
 1 AND A STREAM OF LEAD BODDED
 THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR



MEANWHILE THE THROTTLE IN THE CAR
 HAD THEE TO REVEAL IT BUT NOT SINCE IT
 IN JAMMING THE NAME TO PASS FRANTICALLY
 5 TUNNET ON CAR TO TRAVELSE BUT
 LUNEPAL EYES WAS MOVING TOWARD'S
 11 FAST



THE CORPORAL'S MINE GRENADE WAS SKILFULLY THROWN AND A SHEET OF FLAME ERUPTED JOWARDS CLOSE BY THE WHEELS THE GERMAN CAR ROCKED IN THE BLAST



NEXT MOMENT, THE COMMANDOS CLOSED ON THE VEHICLE MUSCLES STRAINED... AND THE THIRD AND LAST CAR OF THAT BLATANT GERMAN PATROL WAS MAN-HANDED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE...

EVER THE GUY'S SO MUCH FOR JERRY'S PANZER CORPS... JUST SCRAP METAL ONCE WE GET AT THEM!



THE PASS WAS NOW CLEAR FOR MAJOR ALLEN TO PROCEED TOWARDS BARDUFOSS. BUT, FIRST HE HAD AN UGLY DUTY TO PERFORM.

LEAVE YOUR DEAD WHERE THEY ARE, JORGENSEN! ONLY THE BRITISH MAY BE BURIED! IT IS ESSENTIAL THE ENEMY BELIEVE THIS WAS STRICTLY A PARTISAN AMBUSH.

MY MEN WON'T LIKE THAT, MAJOR!



THE HARD-HEADED MAJOR WOULD MAKE NO CONCESSION. . .

I DON'T LIKE IT, EITHER! BUT IF JERRY GETS THE IDEA BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE ANYWHERE NEAR BARDUFOSS, THEIR DEFENCES WILL BE ALERTED. OUR ONLY REAL CHANCE OF SUCCESS LIES IN SURPRISE. LOSE THAT ADVANTAGE AND WE FAIL TO PROTECT THE CONVOY!



THE COMMANDOS CARRIED AWAY THEIR DEAD AND BURIED THEM IN A DEEP SNOW-DRIFT SO THAT ALL SIGNS OF THE BRITISH PART IN THE RAID WERE DESTROYED.

IT IS NOT RIGHT TO LEAVE OUR DEAD FOR THE NAZI VULTURES

NO, IT IS NOT RIGHT, BUT IT IS NECESSARY.



BUT THE PARTISANS MUTTERED ANGRILY AMONGST THEMSELVES AND ONE PUSHED BOLDLY FORWARD AS SPOKESMAN . . .

NEVER BEFORE HAVE OUR DEAD COMRADES BEEN LEFT UNBURIED. MUST WE ALWAYS ASK PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING? ARE WE NOT FIGHTING THE NAZI INVADER, TOO? IS THIS NOT OUR HOMELAND?

OLAV JORGENSEN, TOO, HAD THE RARE GIFT OF LEADERSHIP. HE SMILED GENTLY AND TOOK THE PARTISAN ASIDE. . .

SOFTLY, EVEN THE BRITISH ARE OUR ALLIES AGAINST THE NAZIS. THEY HAVE CROSSED THE SEA TO HELP US. WE MUST FALL IN WITH THE MAJOR'S WISHES . . . FOR THE MOMENT!



SO THE COMMANDOS WENT ON AGAIN THROUGH HIGH, SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS BY NIGHTFALL, THEY WERE TO REACH A NEW HIDEAWAY KNOWN ONLY TO THE RESISTANCE.



THERE IN A ROCK STREWN GULLY SCREENED BY TALL FIR TREES, THEY DISCHARGED SERGEANT LANSON ON A ROUTINE TOUR OF INSPECTION, ARRIVED AT THE LOWER END OF THE GULLY WHEN A FIGURE APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

JORGENSEN
... CLAY
JORGENSEN

KEEP HIM
COVERED!



CARSON MOVED AS SILENTLY AS A PHANTOM THROUGH THE SHADOWS UNTIL HE CAME UP BEHIND THE LONE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH. HE JABBED THE AUTOMATIC INTO THE SMALL OF THE NEWCOMER'S BACK

I'M NO QUISLING!

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, JUST KEEP GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD AND YOU'LL FIND JORGENS. FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE HE'LL KNOW YOU!



THE SERGEANT MARCHED HIS PRISONER ALONG THE GULLY AND INTO THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF A CAMP FIRE.


YOU HAVE A VISITOR JORGENS!

OLAY, TELL THIS SOLDIER TO TAKE HIS GUN AWAY, PLEASE

KRISTIAN!
THE NEWS MUST BE BAD TO BRING YOU HERE... ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I KNOW THIS MAN!




CHRISTIAN HAUPTMANN WAS THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE TINY VILLAGE OF HILDEBRAND. THE ELDERLY MAN'S FACE WAS LINED WITH DISTRESS.



THE NEWS IS BAD, OLAV. TERROR HAS COME TO OUR VILLAGE. THE HAUPTMANN STAHL AND HIS S.S. GANG OF VULTURES HAVE DESCENDED... TOMORROW THE PURGE COMMENCES!

LARSON STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AS THAT HATED NAME RANG AGAIN IN HIS EARS.



IT SEEMS THAT YOU AMBUSHED SOME GERMANS. THERE ARE TO BE REPRISALS... EVEN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE NOT SAFE. YOU MUST HELP, OLAV. I IMPLORE YOU TO STOP WHAT THREATENS TO BE A MASSACRE!

HAUPTMANN
STAHL!

THE GRIM TALE OF KRISTIAN ALUNDSEN BROUGHT AN ANGRY MUTTER OF ANXIETY FROM THOSE WHO HEARD IT BUT ONE MAN... MAJOR ALLEN... REMAINED TOTALLY UNMOVED.


OF COURSE WE'LL STOP IT, KRISTIAN! WE'LL ATTACK AT DAWN, EH, MAJOR? THIS IS A FINE CHANCE TO CUT DOWN THOSE NAZI RATS.

NO, JORGENS, WE SHALL DO NO SUCH THING! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO AND NOTHING... I REPEAT, NOTHING... CAN BE ALLOWED TO INTERFERE WITH THAT


LARSON'S EYES BLAZED AT THE MAJOR'S WORDS HE TOOK A STEP FORWARD, THE BLOOD SINGING IN HIS HEAD

YOU DON'T REALISE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MAJOR! YOU ARE CONDEMNING A WHOLE VILLAGE TO DEATH. THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR FRIENDS... THEY DIE BECAUSE OF US THEIR DEATHS WILL BE UPON OUR HEADS!

I SAID 'NO' AND I MEAN 'NO'. I'M DEEPLY SORRY FOR THE VILLAGE... BUT OUR MISSION MUST COME FIRST.



THEN I'LL
GO ALONE!



YOU WILL NOT, SERGEANT!
IF YOU'RE CAUGHT IN BRITISH
UNIFORM, WE LOSE THE ADVANTAGE
OF SURPRISE. THE RAID WILL BE
AN UTTER FAILURE... AND IT
WILL BE YOUR OWN COMRADES
WHO WILL SUFFER THROUGH
YOUR SELFISH ACTION!



MAJOR ALLEN TURNED TO THE SCHOOLMASTER
OF HALSBURG. HIS VOICE WAS WITHOUT EMOTION...

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT WE ARE
UNDER ORDERS. OUR MISSION IS
VITAL AND THE CONSEQUENCES
OF OUR INTERFERENCE WOULD
BE DISASTROUS. I REGRET
WE CANNOT ASSIST YOU.

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR. IT
IS WAR... AND SACRIFICES
MUST BE MADE!

The Fire of Hate

LONG AFTERMIDNIGHT, STUBBART LARSON LAY SLEEPLESS UNDER THE STARS, WHILE JACOBSEN WHISPERED IN HIS EAR FIERCE VOWS TO VENGEANCE.

ONE DETERMINED MAN WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE AND TELESCOPIC SIGHT COULD GET STAN... WITHOUT HIM THE NAZI RABBLE WILL PANIC.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLAV! THIS IS MY COUNTRY AND WE AT FINLAND HAVE ENOUGH CAUSE TO SEE THE SWINE DEAD! I SHALL LEAVE BEFORE DAWN.

JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK, LIEF LARSON SLIPPED OUT OF THE SALLY ON HIS JOURNEY ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES TOWARDS HALSBERG.

YOU CAN RELY ON THIS MAUSER. IT IS A FINE WEAPON. YOU'LL SEE THE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY BEHIND THE HILLS IN THE WEST. GOOD HUNTING, FRIEND. MAY YOUR AIM BE TRUE!



The Fires Of Hate

BUT HE DID NOT GO UNNOTICED. CORPORAL DODD, ROUSED BY THE BITTER COLD THAT ATE INTO THE BONE'S, SAW HIS SERGEANT SLIDE AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS. HE HAD NO DOUBT WHAT WAS IN LARSON'S MIND.

THE STUPID CLOT!
I MUST WARN THE
MAJOR... WHAT
ELSE CAN I DO?



MAJOR ALLEN LISTENED IN A FURY
TO THE CORPORAL'S NEWS.

SIR! I'VE JUST SEEN SERGEANT LARSON
GO DOWN THE TRAIL... BECKON HE'S
FINDING TO LAY FOR STAKE? JORGENSEN
GAVE HIM A CAN WITH TELESCOPIC
SIGHTS...

JORGENSEN!
I'LL... WHERE
IS HE?



THE MAJOR RAGED AT THE RESISTANCE LEADER BUT OLAV JORGENSEN GRINNED AND TREATED IT AS A HUGE JOKE

YOU...IMBECILE!
I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER
TRUST GUFILLAS. I'VE
A GOOD MIND TO...

IT'LL BE ALL
RIGHT, MAJOR. YOUR
SERGEANT WILL BE BACK
AS SOON AS HE HAS
ATTENDED TO HAUPTMANN
STAHL. THEN WE CAN
GO TO BARDUFOSSE!
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT?

YOU FOOL, JORGENSEN! YOU SEE
NOTHING BUT THE TROUBLES IN
YOUR OWN BACKYARD THERE'S A
CONVOY COMING THROUGH...
SHIPS, SAILORS, VITAL MUNITIONS
FOR THE EASTERN FRONT. IF
LARSON PUTS A FOOT WRONG,
**THAT CONVOY
IS DOOMED!**

THE MAJOR TURNED TO
CORPORAL DODD . . .

COME WITH ME,
CORPORAL. WE'VE GOT
TO FIND LARSON AND
BRING HIM BACK.

VERY
GOOD, SIR!

YOU WILL
BE TOO LATE,
MAJOR!

OUTS OF THE SHELTER OF THE GULLY, ICY WIND LASHED THE
FACES OF THE TWO MEN. ALREADY, THAT WIND CARRIED THE
FIRST FLAKES OF ANOTHER SNOWFALL.

I DON'T FANCY OUR
CHANCES MUCH IF THIS
SNOW KEEPS ON. SIR
LARSON'S NORWEGIAN
... HE'S USED TO THIS
WEATHER.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND
HIM BEFORE THE JERIES
DO, CORPORAL.
WE'VE GOT TO!

LARSON HAD FORGOTTEN HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS. THE SNIPER'S RIFLE LAY HEAVY IN HIS HANDS AND A BURNING DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE DROVE HIM RELENTLESSLY UNTIL HE CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS OBJECTIVE.

AT LAST, NILS,
THE TIME OF RECKONING
IS AT HAND... THE
MURDERER STAHL
IS ABOUT TO DIE!



HE MOVED STEALTHILY DOWN THE HILLSIDE, USING EVERY SCRAP OF COVER, UNTIL HE REACHED A POSITION THAT COMMANDED THE MAIN SQUARE OF THE VILLAGE.



The Fires Of Hate

HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, BLACK-CLAD S.S. MEN ROUNDED UP THEIR VICTIMS AND HERDED THEM INTO THE SQUARE AS IF THEY WERE ANIMALS BOUND FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



THEN HAUPTMANN STAHL STEPPED FROM A CAR THAT POLLED INTO THE SQUARE. EVEN AT THAT DISTANCE, LITSON RECOGNISED THE SCRAWNY VULTURE OF A MAN AND TREMBLED WITH THE HATRED THAT WAS WITHIN HIM.



WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT OF WILL, HE TOOK CONTROL OF HIMSELF, SLOWLY LIFTING THE RIFLE UNTIL THE CROSS-SIGHT WAS CENTRED ON HIS BROTHER'S KILLER. HE TOOK FIRST PRESSURE . . .

NILS . . .
THE MOMENT
HAS COME!



HAUPTMANN SEAN TURNED TO STARE UP THE HILL, ALMOST AS IF HE COULD SEE THE HIDDEN SNIPER FAR ABOVE. LARSON LINGERED A MOMENT, SAVOURING HIS VENGEANCE . . .



BUT HE LINGERED TOO LONG. HAUPTMANN SEAN KNEW WELL THE DANGER FROM A LURKING SNIPER AND NEVER VENTURED INTO THE OPEN WITHOUT FIRST DISPATCHING PATROLS TO SEARCH THE COUNTRYSIDE. ONE SUCH PATROL WAS BEHIND LARSON AT THAT MOMENT.

HMMEL! A SNIPER
... ENGLANDER!
GET HIM . . .
QUICKLY!



LARSON'S CONCENTRATION WAS SHATTERED BY THAT STACCATO COMMAND BEHIND HIM. HIS HAND WAYERED A FRACTION OF AN INCH . . . AND HIS BULLET PLOUGHED INTO THE SNOW AT STAHL'S JACKBOOTED FEET.



THE COMMANDO DID NOT GET A SECOND SHOT AT HIS ENEMY, AS STAHL SCUTTLED FOR COVER, G . . . ABOUT LARSON'S HEAD. HE FLUNG HIMSELF SIDWAYS AND BLASTED A SHOT INTO THE GERMAN PATROL.

KEEP LOW
... THE CUR
CAN SHOOT!



AT THAT MOMENT, MAJOR ALLEN AND CORPORAL DODD CAME OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL. THE POSITION COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE. LARSON WAS TRAPPED... AND THE ENEMY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY HIS UNIFORM.

NOT ONE OF THEM
MUST ESCAPE, CORPORAL.
THAT PATROL MUST BE
WIPED OUT TO A MAN!



CORPORAL DODD'S TOMMY-GUN JUDDERED AS IT SENT A HAIL OF BULLETS LASHING INTO THE GERMAN RANKS.

WE'VE GOT THEM...
IF LARSON COVERS
THEIR LINE OF
RETREAT!



FOR A MOMENT, INDEED, IT LOOKED AS IF THEY MIGHT SUCCEED. THEN THE MAJOR GLIMPSED ONE OF THE GERMANS WORKING HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

LARSON!
DROP THAT
MAN!



LARSON RAISED HIS RIFLE, SIGHTED FOR THE KILL... JUST AS A SECOND ENEMY PATROL CAME UP ON HIS FLANK.

ENGLANDERS! FRANZ, BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND WARN HERR HAUPTMANN AT ONCE. THE AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOSSE MUST BE ALERTED!



GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS WERE ALREADY POURING FROM THE VILLAGE. THE MAJOR CURSED BITTERLY. . . THE SITUATION WAS FAST GETTING OUT OF HAND.

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR. . . WON'T BE HEALTHY AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CORPORAL. WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT! LARSON, RUN FOR IT!



LARSON BROKE FROM HIS SHALLOW COVER AND MADE A WILD DASH TOWARDS MAJOR ALLEN AND THE CORPORAL. A VICIOUS BURST OF GUNFIRE FOLLOWED HIM. . .



KEEP GOING, SARGE. . . I'M COVERING YOU!

THE BULLETS MEANT FOR SERGEANT LARSON MISSED HIM BY SCANT INCHES... AND LODGED IN THE THIN BODY OF CORPORAL DODD.

DODD!
NO...



WHEN LARSON REACHED HIM, THE CORPORAL WAS ALREADY DEAD. BITTER REGRET AT HIS FOLLY FLOODED THE NORWEGIAN COMMANDO. A GOOD MAN HAD DIED... FOR NOTHING.

IF I HADN'T
DISOBEYED ORDERS
... IF I HADN'T
GONE AFTER
STAHL... DODD
WOULD BE
ALIVE NOW.



MAJOR ALLEN SNATCHED UP DODD'S TOMMY-GUN AND TURNED IT ON THE ADVANCING GERMAN PATROL. HIS FIRST SAVAGE BURST SENT THEM DIVING FOR COVER AGAIN.

THIS MESS IS YOUR FAULT, SERGEANT...WE'LL HAVE TO RETREAT! LEAVE THE CORPORAL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM.



TOGETHER THE MAJOR AND SERGEANT LARSON PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE SNOW BANK. DESPERATION GAVE THEM A FURIOUS ENERGY THAT OUTSTRIPPED THEIR PURSUERS.

I'LL DROP BACK AND HOLD THEM OFF S.I.R. YOU GO AHEAD AND WARN THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, SERGEANT! I'VE NO MEN TO SPARE FOR MOCK HEROICS!



THE NORTH WIND WHIPPED A FLURRY OF SNOW OUT OF THE LEADEN GRAY SKY AND THE MAJOR'S NOSE'S BUST ... BUT THE ARCTIC HAD ITS OWN DANGERS

THIS SNOW COULD SAVE US ... THAT IS, IF WE EVER FIND THE GRAY AGAIN. OUR TRACKS ARE DISAPPEARING FAST!

I CAN FIND IT, SIR.

LEADON'S SENSE OF DIRECTION WAS SHARP. HE LED THE MAJOR STRAIGHT TO A NARROW BELT BETWEEN THE ROCKS, LEADING INTO THE GRAY.

WHO'S THE CORPORAL?

DEAD ... AND JERRY'S NAME AT OAK HILL? IF YOU PVT'S HADN'T IGNORED MY ORDERS WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS FIX!





DON'T BLAME ANYONE ELSE, MAJOR... IT WAS MY OWN IDEA TO GO AFTER STAHL.

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT! YOU'LL FACE A COURT-MARTIAL WHEN... IF WE GET BACK!

THE MAJOR'S TEMPER, RIGIDLY HELD IN CHECK, SUDDENLY BOILED OVER. VIOLENCE DISTORTED HIS FACE AS HE TURNED FIERCELY ON LARSON



YOU HAVE BETRAYED US, LARSON! THE ENEMY KNOWS NOW THAT BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE NEAR BARDUFOSS. THE AIRFIELD DEFENCES WILL BE WAITING... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! MANY OF US, IF NOT ALL, WILL DIE! THAT CONVOY MAY BE SHATTERED... AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR PETTY DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE.

The Fires Of Hate

THE MAJOR'S VOICE CUT LIKE A KNIFE INTO LARS' IN A CONSCIOUSNESS UNTIL THAT MOMENT, HE HAD THOUGHT ONLY OF CORPORAL DODD LYING STIFF IN THE SNOW ... NOW HE SAW THE ENORMITY OF HIS BETRAYAL.

GREAT HEAVENS!
WHAT CAN I SAY
... WHAT CAN
I DO ...

CONTEMPTUOUSLY, MAJOR ALLEN TURNED HIS BACK ON THE SERGEANT, AND BEGAN TO SHAP OUT FRESH ORDERS.

JORGENSEN WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN. THE
SNOW WILL COVER US. WANT
TO REACH THE HIGH GROUND
ABOVE BARBERS' AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.

VERY GOOD
MAJOR WE'RE
READY TO
LEAVE

The Fires Of Hate

THE WINDS OF SANCTITY INTO THE TYPH OF
A RAGING BLIZZARD. HIS MIND STILL IN A FETTER,
A MAN OF GOD AND LAW AND A SYMPATHETIC ARM TO ME

STREET ADDRESS THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH
LAWYER
AND FATHER OF
THE

IT DIDN'T!

THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORD WITH THE
FINDINGS OF OTHER STUDIES THAT
THESE TWO TYPES OF THERAPY ARE
EFFECTIVE IN THE TREATMENT OF
THESE CONDITIONS.

THE

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DO hereby certify that
the within and foregoing is a true and correct
copy of the original as the same appears
in the records of the Department of the Interior.

姓名: 王小明
 学号: 20230101
 日期: 2023.10.27

TAKE COVER

COVENTRY
JAN 10 1963

The Fires Of Hate

THE COMMANDOS DIVED AMONG THE TREES AND FLATTENED THEMSELVES IN THE SNOW. MOTIONLESS THEY WAITED FOR THE PLANE TO PASS.

HE DIDN'T
SEE US. THERE'S
NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT.

I SINCERELY
HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,
JORGENSEN. WE'LL KNOW AS
SOON AS WE TAKE A LOOK
OVER THE HILLS.

ONCE THE DANGER FROM THE RECONNAISSANCE PLANE HAD PASSED, THE MAJOR LARSEN AND JORGENSEN SHAKED OVER TO THE CREST OF THE HILL AND STARED DOWN AT BARDUFOS'S AIRFIELD.

YES, THEY'RE
WAITING FOR US,
ALL RIGHT...

SEE THE
ARMOUR BY
THE CONTROL
TOWER, MAJOR?

A STORM OF SELF-ACCUSATION SWEEPED LARSON AS HE STUDIED THE ALERTED GERMAN DEFENCES. HE SHUDDERED AS HE IMAGINED THE BOMBS SCREAMING DOWN ON ALLIED SHIPPING.

GUNS...TANKS...TROOPS!
WE'VE LOST SURPRISE
...AND IT'S ALL
MY FAULT!




IT HAD BECOME A SUICIDE MISSION! THE SAME THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ALL THE MEN AS THEY STUDIED THEIR OBJECTIVE. THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL FROM AN ASSAULT ON BARDUFOSS AIRFIELD MUST BE RATED AS NIL.




Chapter 3. *BATTLE of BARDUFLOSS*

BACK AMONGST THE TREES, MAJOR ALLEN ADDRESSED HIS TOUGH, DESPERATE BAND OF COMMANDOS AND RAGGED PARTISANS. HIS RESOLUTE EXPRESSION BETRAYED NOTHING OF THE HOPELESSNESS HE FELT IN HIS HEART.



THIS IS THE SET-UP
THEN. MARK FOUR TANKS BY
THE TOWER. MACHINE-GUN NESTS
ROUND THE PERIMETER INFANTRY
PATROLLING BETWEEN THE AIRCRAFT
... AND THEY'RE
ALL WAITING
FOR US!



BUT WE'RE
GOING IN! THE
CONVOY MUST BE
GIVEN A CHANCE AND
THOSE JUNKERS WOULD
RIP IT TO SHREDS.
MOONRISE IS AT TWO
A.M. ... THAT WILL
BE ZERO HOUR!

The Fires Of Hate

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THE COMMANDOS LOOKED HARD AT MAJOR ALLEN BUT KEPT THEIR THOUGHTS TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE PARTISANS, HOWEVER, SPOKE UP CRITICALLY

WE'LL BE
WIPED OUT BEFORE
WE DO ENOUGH
DAMAGE TO
MATTER!

SILENCE, EVEN!
WHEN THE BRITISH
ATTACK, WE GO
WITH THEM.




AFTER A COLD MEAL, THE COMMANDOS STRETCHED OUT TO SNATCH WHAT UNEASY REST THEY COULD BUT THE RESTLESS SERGEANT LARSON TURNED BACK TO THE HILL-TOP

THE TANKS . THEY'RE THE
MOST DANGEROUS THREAT OF
ALL! IF I COULD KNOCK OUT
THE TANKS, THE MAJOR
MIGHT PULL IT OFF.




ACTING ON IMPULSE, THE NORWEGIAN SOUGHT OUT THE MAJOR AND OUTLINED A RECKLESS SCHEME.



SIR, I REQUEST PERMISSION TO MAKE A DIVERSION! WITH A HAVERSACK FULL OF GRENADES, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET AMONGST THOSE TANKS WITHOUT BEING SEEN. WITH LUCK, I COULD PUT MOST OF THEM OUT OF ACTION

MAJOR ALLEN WAS SILENT A MOMENT WHILE HE REVIEWED THE SITUATION IN HIS MIND. THE SORTIE WAS A DESPERATE ONE... BUT THE SERGEANT MUST BE FEELING BAD ABOUT HIS EARLIER MISTAKE.



PERMISSION GRANTED, SERGEANT... AND GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

THE EARS OF OLAV JORGENSEN WERE SHARP. HE LUMBLERED TO HIS FEET AND PADDED FORWARD. HIS WOUNDS WERE A FLAT STATEMENT THAT THE MAJOR COULD NOT CONTRADICT.

I SHALL GO WITH THE SERFANT TO GIVE HIM COVERING FIRE IF HE NEEDS IT

VERY WELL, JORGENSEN, I SHAN'T TRY TO STOP YOU.



AS DARKNESS DESCENDED ON THE FOREST, THE TWO NORWEGIANS MADE THEIR FINAL

KEEP WELL BACK...DON'T LET THE GERMS SEE YOU, OLAV...THE THINGS ARE BAD!



AGREED! I'LL SHOOT THE SWINE OFF YOUR BACK WHEN THEY GET WIND OF YOU.

The Fires Of Hate

AN HOUR BEFORE MOONRISE, THEY SLIPPED OVER THE HILL AND STARTED DOWN THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPES TOWARDS BARDUFOS

I WOULD RATHER THEY WERE ON MY SIDE THAN AGAINST ME...FOR ALL THE HEADSTRONG MISTAKES THEY MAKE.

THE AIRFIELD LAY REVEALED IN THE FAINT STARLIGHT. LARSON STUDIED THEIR ROUTE AND MEMORISED IT. AS SOON AS CLOUD GAVE A DARK PERIOD, HE LED THE WAY ACROSS THE SNOW.



LIKE A PAIR OF GREY GHOSTS, THEY PASSED SILENTLY DOWN THE SLOPE, HEADING FOR THE AREA OF THE CONTROL TOWER ON THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD.

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE ALONE, OLAV.

WATCH YOURSELF, SERGEANT THERE'S A SENTRY AND THE COLD WILL HAVE KEPT HIM WIDE AWAKE.

A STRETCH OF FLAT OPEN GROUND SEPARATED THE COMMANDO SERGEANT FROM HIS VILTIM BUT THE SNOW MUFFLED HIS MOVEMENTS...

I'VE GOT TO ~~MOVE THIS WAY~~ AND QUIET!



SOUNDLESSLY, LARSON POUNCED, HIS MUSCULAR ARM STIFLING THE SEKTRY'S STARTLED CRY. . . A HAMMER BLOW WITH THE BUTT OF HIS REVOLVER DROPPED THE GERMAN TO THE SNOW.



NEXT MOMENT, LARSON WAS MOVING FAST TOWARDS THE GREAT STEEL HULKS. THIRTY TONS OF MECHANISED ARMOUR, THE SNOUTS OF THEIR SEVENTY-FIVE M.M. GUNS WERE RANGED ON THE SLOPES DOWN WHICH THE COMMANDOS MUST COME.

ACHTUNG!
SOMEONE MOVES...
OPEN FIRE!



BULLETS SLAMMED OVER LARSON'S HEAD AS HE FUMBLING OPEN HIS COMBAT PACK. HIS FINGERS CURLED ROUND THE STRIPPED EGG-SHAPE OF A MILL'S GRENADE. . . WHILE JORGENSEN OPENED UP WITH HIS SUB-MACHINE GUN TO DISTRACT THE GERMANS' ATTENTION.



SERGEANT LARSON SPURTED FOR THE ROW OF MARK IVS, WHIPPING OUT THE SAFETY PIN OF HIS FIRST GRENADE. AS THE BIG GUN SWUNG ROUND, HE LOBBED THE BOMB INTO THE HALF-OPEN TURRET.

CATCH HOLD,
JERRY!



THE GRENADE BURST INSIDE THE TANK AND ITS AMMUNITION BEGAN TO EXPLODE, TURNING THE ONCE-FORMIDABLE VEHICLE INTO A STEEL COFFIN.



ONE OF THE MARK IV'S BROUGHT ITS MACHINE-GUNS TO BEAR. A BURST OF LEAD RIPPED PAST LARSON'S HEAD AS, WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, HE TOSSED ANOTHER GRENADE INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SEVENTY FIVE M.M. GUN.



AS LARSON MOVED WITH DESPERATE URGENCY TOWARDS TWO MORE GERMAN TANKS, A LORRY-LOAD OF INFANTRY, ARMED WITH SCHMEISSERS, ROARED ACROSS FROM THE GUARD-POST. JORGENS MET THEM WITH A BURST OF FIRE . . .



IT'S DRIVER HIT, THE LORRY SWERVED VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL AND RAMMED THE TANK COLUMN AT FULL SPEED AS THE PETROL TANKS EXPLODED, THE SCENE OF CONFUSION WAS OUTLINED LURIDLY BY THE FLAMES.



SERGEANT LARSON HURLED THE LAST OF HIS BOMBS AS THE GERMANS RUSHED HIM. THEN THE HEAVY STEEL BUTT OF A SCHMEISSER CRASHED DOWN ON HIS HEAD... AND HE KNEW NO MORE.

ACCURSED, KOMMANDO!



The Fires Of Hate

FROM HIS COVERING POSITION, OLAV JORGENSEN SAW LARSON GO DOWN. HE CHARGED FORWARD STOLESSLY, UNTIL A BURST OF SHOTGUN FIRE FROM THE CONTROL TOWER CUT HIM DOWN ALSO.



ON THE HILLS ABOVE BARDOUSS WAITING FOR MOONRISE, MAJOR ALLEN HEARD THE RATTLE OF GUNFIRE AND THE EXPLOSIVE CRACK OF GRENADES. HE WAITED NO LONGER.



UNDER COVER OF THE DIVERSION CREATED BY SERGEANT LARSON AND JORGENSEN, ALLEN'S MIXED FORCE OF COMBATANTS AND REINFORCERS REACHED THE PERIMETER OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY MEETING SERIOUS OPPOSITION.



THEN THE GERMANS RALLIED, AND EACH BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY DEVELOPED INTO A FURIOUS LOCALISED BATTLE, HAMPERING THE MAIN OBJECTIVE OF THE 7TH TASK FORCE.



BARDUFOSSE AIRFIELD RAPIDLY BEGAN TO RESEMBLE A FUNERAL PYRE AS JUNKER BOMBS AND PETROL BOMBS BURST INTO FLAMES. A WALL OF DRY BLACK SMOKE ROSE HIGH INTO THE AIR.



A HANDFUL OF COMMANDOS, LED BY MAJOR ALLEN, HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE BOMB DUMPS.

HURRY, MAN, WITH THOSE DEMOLITIONS! EVEN THE RADAR STATION - DESTROY IT!

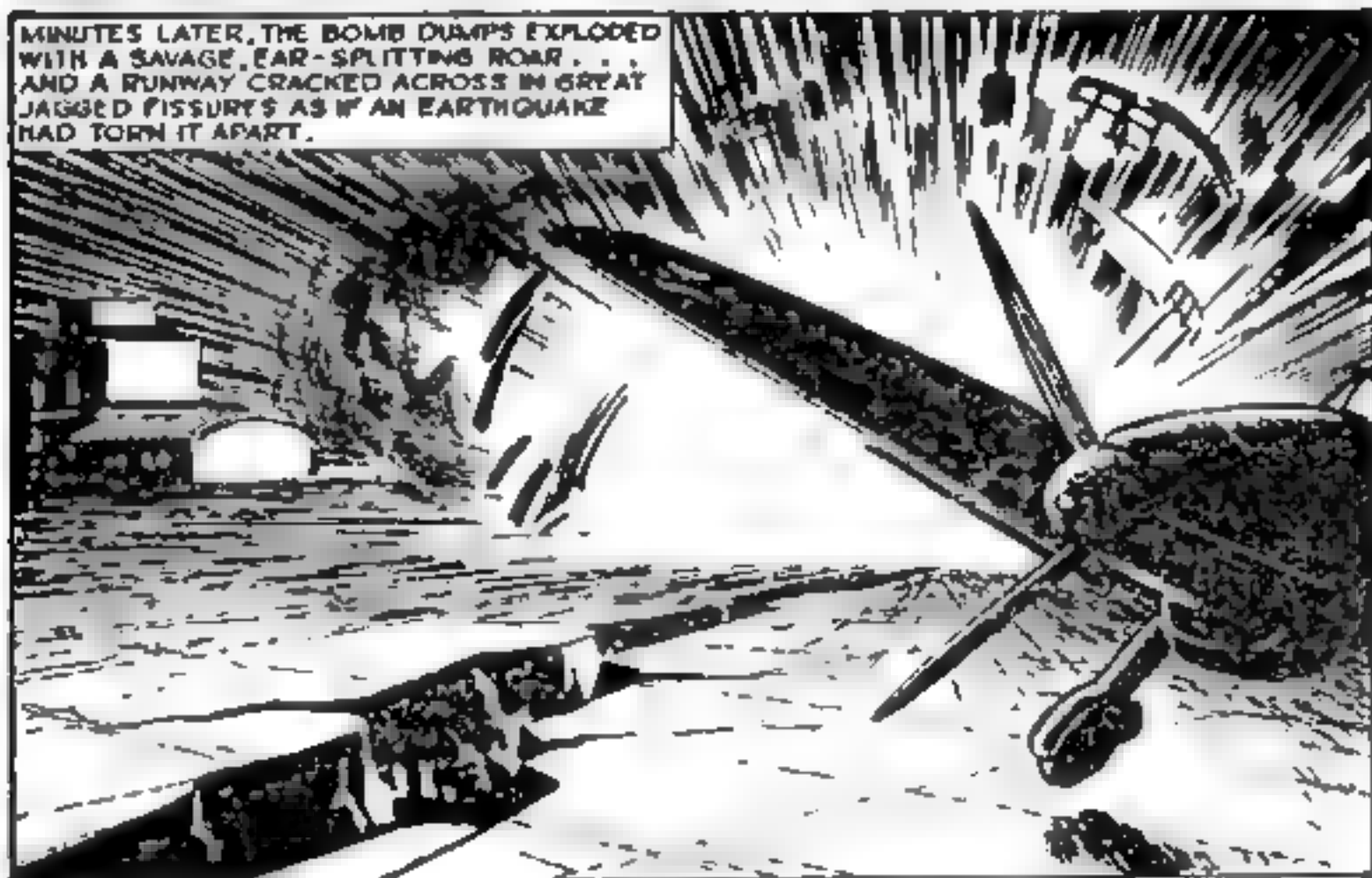


The Fires Of Hate

THE CLATTER OF SPANDAUS AND SCHMEISSERS WAS DROWNING THE DEFIANT SOUND OF THE BRITISH GUNS. TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.



MINUTES LATER, THE BOMB DUMPS EXPLODED WITH A SAVAGE, EAR-SPLITTING ROAR... AND A RUNWAY CRACKED ACROSS IN GREAT JAGGED FISSURES AS IF AN EARTHQUAKE HAD TORN IT APART.



THE DESTRUCTION OF BARDOUSS AIRFIELD HAD REACHED ITS CLIMAX. BUT MAJOR ALLEN HAD ONE LAST TASK TO PERFORM. HE INTENDED TO BRING OUT SERGEANT LARSON IF HE STILL LIVED. . .



THEIR MISSION HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED AGAINST WELL-NIGH IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. NO PLANE WOULD TAKE OFF FROM BARDOUSS FOR WEEKS OR EVEN MONTHS TO COME. THE WITHDRAWAL TO THE HILLS BEGAN. . .



EVEN LED THEM ON A NERVE-SHAKING PATH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE GERMANS DARE NOT FOLLOW. WHEN THE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS HALTED, IT SEEMED THAT THE MAJOR HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND. HIS TONE WAS UNUSUALLY SELF-CONSCIOUS.



THEN THE MAJOR TOOK SERGEANT LARSON ASIDE...



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON WATCHED THE CONVOY PASS THROUGH THE NARROW GAP IN THE ICE, SAFE FROM GERMAN BOMBERS. HE FELT A GREAT PRIDE AND HAPPINESS.

THE MAJOR WAS RIGHT! REVENGE IS A SMALL THING... OF NO IMPORTANCE IN FIGHTING A WAR...

BY THE WAY, SERGEANT, I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU. SVEN REPORTS THAT YOUR COUNTRYMEN HAVE EXECUTED HAUPTMANN STAHL.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER VERY MUCH NOW, SIR.



SERGEANT LARSON DREW A DEEP BREATH. THE FIRES OF HATE HAD BLAZED WILDLY AND BURNED OUT . . . BUT THE MEMORY OF CORPORAL DODD AND OLAV JORGENSEN WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM. HE HAD LEARNED THE HARD WAY.



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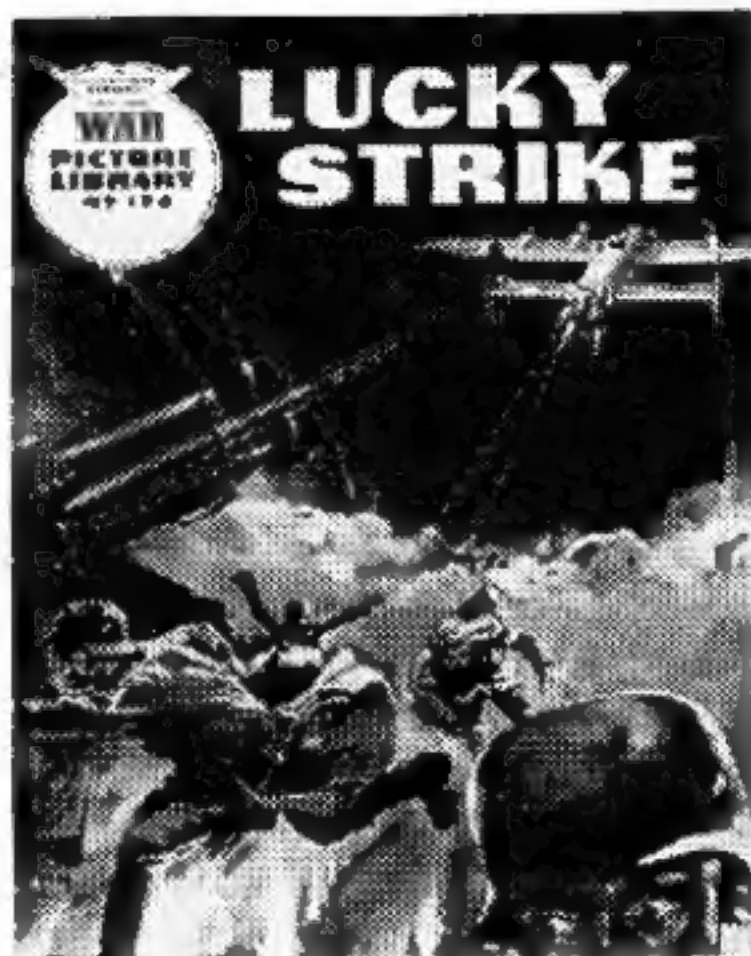
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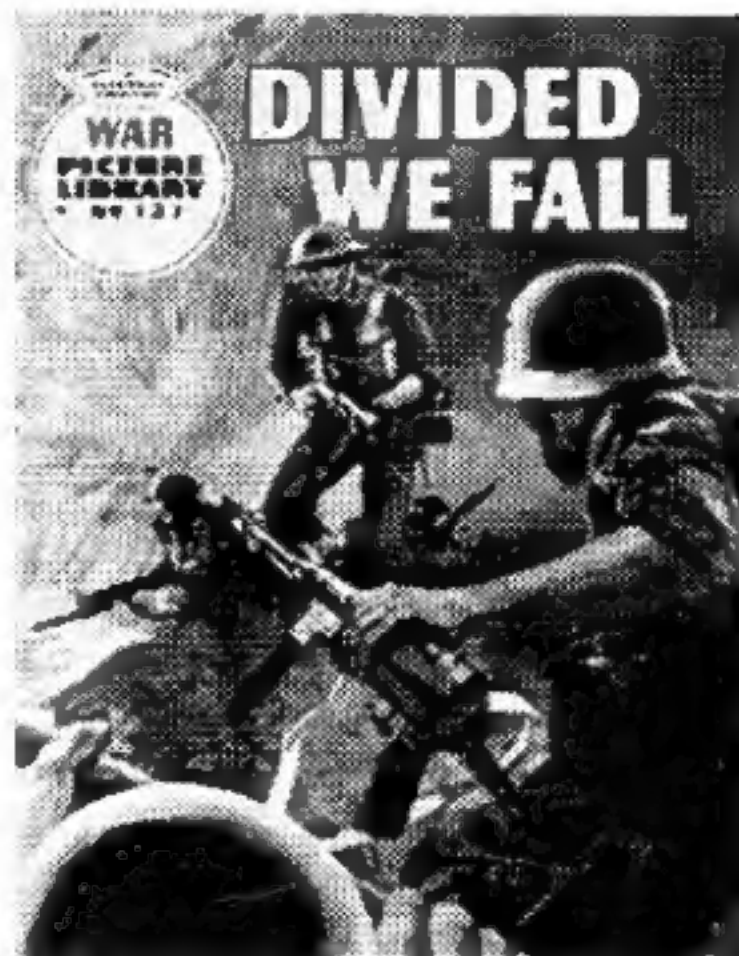
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